

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Lord LANSLOWNE and Mr. BALFOUR will be found to have tied for the prize offered by a certain firm of tea-planters to the person sending in the most correct detailed forecast of "What the Lords will do with the Budget."

Are the Dukes at last beginning to cultivate a humble spirit? One at least has confessed himself a goose. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, speaking at Haddon Hall, advised that the Government should not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

The police have issued a warning against a thief who is masquerading as a political agent. Rumours, too, reach us of yet another who goes about disguised as a statesman.

The recent outbreak of sickness at Chatsworth House, when the ducal owner and some of his children suffered from what is described as "a slight gastric disturbance," is now thought to have been caused by Cabinet Pudding.

Since Lord HUGH CECIL stated that he thought he paid less in taxes than he might reasonably be asked to pay, he has, we understand, received offers from quite a number of persons expressing willingness to help him over his difficulty.

During his stay in Scotland General BOTHA devoted himself to golf. The General, it may be remembered, received some lessons in driving from Lord KITCHENER.

An advertisement from *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC HALL
CARUSO
WILL SING TO A
PIANO TO-NIGHT."

This seems a poor sort of audience for so distinguished an *artiste*.

There would seem to be no finality as to the material out of which sea-going craft may be made. There is, we believe, already a Cork Steampacket Company: and now a contemporary informs us

that, as the result of the enterprise of a commercial combination, nine new meat steamers will shortly make their appearance.

This is essentially the Age of the Poor Man. He may now even be said to be fairly on his way to obtain his own motor-car. Several "Halfpenny Bazaars" have been opened in London, and, among other articles which may be obtained there for the price mentioned are, we are told, motor-goggles.

An Englishman who stated that he

intruder had a wash. This should render identification easy.

Lightning, last week, saved some men of the 1st Cheshire Regiment the trouble of striking a tent.

These are black days for men. Their last point of superiority over the other sex has now vanished. The newest tailor-made gowns for women are to have pockets.

"He (Mr. Birrell) was suffering from a relaxed throat on Friday. . . . The engagement he had entered into to take part in the laying of the foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel at the Mumbles cannot, of course, be fulfilled."—*The Daily News*.

It sounds just the place for a relaxed throat.

Mr. CODY as reported in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:—

"Hills, tall trees, spires, chimney stalks, using a biplane now, I believe firmly in the principle of the monoplane."

Quite right. One must be decently exclusive.

"A tempest of laughter was unchained by this very palpable hit."

Daily Chronicle.

The reader mustn't get into the way of thinking that any old hit will let a tempest off the chain. It has to be a very palpable one.

"Man wanted to bring up a Spaniel Pup."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

Hark to the trumpet's clarion call! Verily

there is still work for men to do in England.

"Cook Mr. Oxtou
Pearey Mr and Mrs"

Buxton Gazette Visitors' List.

ETUKISHOOK and gum-drops are forbidden subjects at the *table d'hôte*.

Secrets of Success.

"Each floor is on the same level, which is not always the case in mammoth Hotels."

A Mixed Character.

Extract from Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter to the Bureau of Fisheries:—

"The water is fairly temperate. It is slightly alkaline, but it is habitually drunk."



WAX FIGURES OF THE EXPLORERS COOK AND PEARY ARE ABOUT TO BE PLACED WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON'S AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. IT IS HOPED THAT A CAREFUL WATCH WILL BE KEPT OVER THEM, OR SOME SUCH CATASTROPHE AS THIS MAY OCCUR.

lived in Grosvenor Square, London, has been sentenced in Berlin to one day's imprisonment and a fine of £2, for striking a postal employee at the principal post-office there. Is it possible, we wonder, that the ignorant foreigners were unaware of the social status of Grosvenor Square?

A seal which was found disporting itself in Grimsby fish docks last week was, *The Mail* tells us, netted by two constables, and conveyed to the police-station. It will, we presume, be charged with an offence against the laws as to gambolling.

The pavilion at Prestatyn golf-course was forcibly entered last week and a considerable sum of money stolen. There was evidence that, before leaving, the

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The explanation of the KITCHENER-CURZON coincidence is as clear as mud. Lord KITCHENER, being essentially a man of action and not an orator, applied to his old friend and colleague, Lord CURZON, to draft him a speech, and Lord CURZON, unconsciously reconstituting the scene of his own farewell, re-wrote, with very slight variations, the address which he had himself delivered on that historic occasion.

Yours truly,

SPLENDIDE VERAX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The practical identity of Lord KITCHENER's farewell speech with that of Lord CURZON is, I think, to be attributed to a rare but not unprecedented manifestation of dual personality. Lord KITCHENER, as everybody knows, was engaged for a long time in a heated controversy with Lord CURZON, in which he ultimately carried the day, with the result that Lord CURZON resigned the Viceroyalty. Lord KITCHENER, having thus ousted and eaten up his antagonist, naturally came to regard himself as the legitimate successor to his position and influence and by a natural transition to his entire mentality. This absorption involved the appropriation of his thoughts and general outlook, and so his farewell banquet induced him to repeat the speech of his vanquished rival.

Yours faithfully,

RECORDATOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was discussing the strange episode of the KITCHENER-CURZON speeches this afternoon with my friend that inveterate punster, Mr. OSCAR BALTHASAR MOUAT. "The speeches are certainly curiously similar," I observed. "Naturally," retorted the inveterate punster, "because they were both Simla (similar) orations." Thinking that this was too good to be lost, I at once took a note of the witticism, which I place unreservedly at your disposal.

Very truly yours,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No one has yet suggested the most satisfactory and convincing explanation of this puzzling affair of the KITCHENER-CURZON speeches. Lord KITCHENER, it will be remembered, was embroiled in an acute controversy with Lord CURZON, but being one of the most gentle and kind-hearted of men, he conceived the charming if somewhat Quixotic plan of burying the hatchet by confessing himself unable to better the oratory of his antagonist. A more magnanimous compliment could not be imagined, but unfortunately its subtlety has defeated its aim.

Yours faithfully,

A SUFFOLK J.P.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The explanation of the similarity between Lord CURZON's remarks and Lord KITCHENER's is simplicity itself. They both employ the same tired speech-writer.

Yours, etc., SLEUTH.

THE SENTIMENTAL GOLF-ROUND.

(An attempt to realise the romantic spirit of local advertisements.)

WHERE the purple gloom of heather,
Where the golden stars of gorse
Twine and twist their roots together,
Let me linger and endorse
Praises of the moorland stretching
Into vistas faint and fetching,
Praises that the guide-book uttered of
this pretty nine-hole course.

By this tor, a famous beacon,
Once, no doubt, were British huts;
Places that you ground your cleek on
(Full of tantalising ruts)
Saw the minstrel Druids gather,
Solemn men with beards like lather,
Witless that in time their temples
would provoke a Saxon's "Tuts."

There to leftward lies the ocean,
Shining as a silver pall,
Moving with its magic motion
Onward till the breakers fall,
Onward till the foam-flake splashes
O'er the sea-weed, like my mashies
Tumbling on to greens where TAYLOR
could not stop the berserk ball.

Right, you have the moorland swelling,
Mile on mile, with countless kinks,
Mother of the streamlets welling
Into vales where Ceres winks,
Where the natives murmur "Thiccy"
And their tongue is soft and tricky
As this mass of vegetation which they
choose to term a links.

Stalwart men on tiny ponies,
You shall see them in the dale,
See them draining with their cronies
Mugs of cider and of ale.
Slack they seem and pleasant spoken,—
Doubtless, though, their hearts are oaken,
Witness my undaunted caddy search-
ing on a tee-shot's trail.

Ah, but now the shadows darken,
Hushed the fairy-haunted scene,
Beauteous land of Devon, harken!
Help me, as with some chagrin,
By the souls of seadogs beckoned
I prepare to play my second
Out of this enchanted fern-tuft, to the
faith-envisaged green.

"For Sale, Bay Mare, 15 hands; warranted quiet in all harness, or would let out weekly."—
South Wales Daily Post.

There can be no particular call for him to "let out" at all. Unless it would be just to show what he could do when he liked.

EYES ACROSS THE SEA.

WE are very glad to be able to supplement the somewhat meagre account of the recent meeting of the Atlantic Union which has appeared in *The Westminster Gazette*, with a further record of the impressions of our English-speaking guests.

Professor Elihu Lick, of the University of Tipperusaleem, solemnly adjured his hearers to keep the well of English pure and undefiled. "You have," he said, "too many dialects," in particular specifying those of Bayswater, Hindhead, Oxford and Whitechapel. Even at Harridge's Stores he had heard several words mispronounced, notably "coffee," "salt," "surreptitious" and "aerated."

Mr. Slingsby Timrod, a ruddy Vancouverian, summarised his impressions as hereunder:—

FAVOURABLE.	UNFAVOURABLE.
Girth of policemen.	Language of golf players.
Beauty of sandwich-men.	Tyrolese hats.
Herefordshire cider.	The tabloid habit.

Mr. Victor Slumper, a Rhodes Scholar from Woolloomoolloo, was painfully struck by the increased consumption of China tea in good society and the rage for Pekinese dogs, and he quoted with great effect TENNYSON's line:

"Better fifty peers of Europe than a title of Cathay."

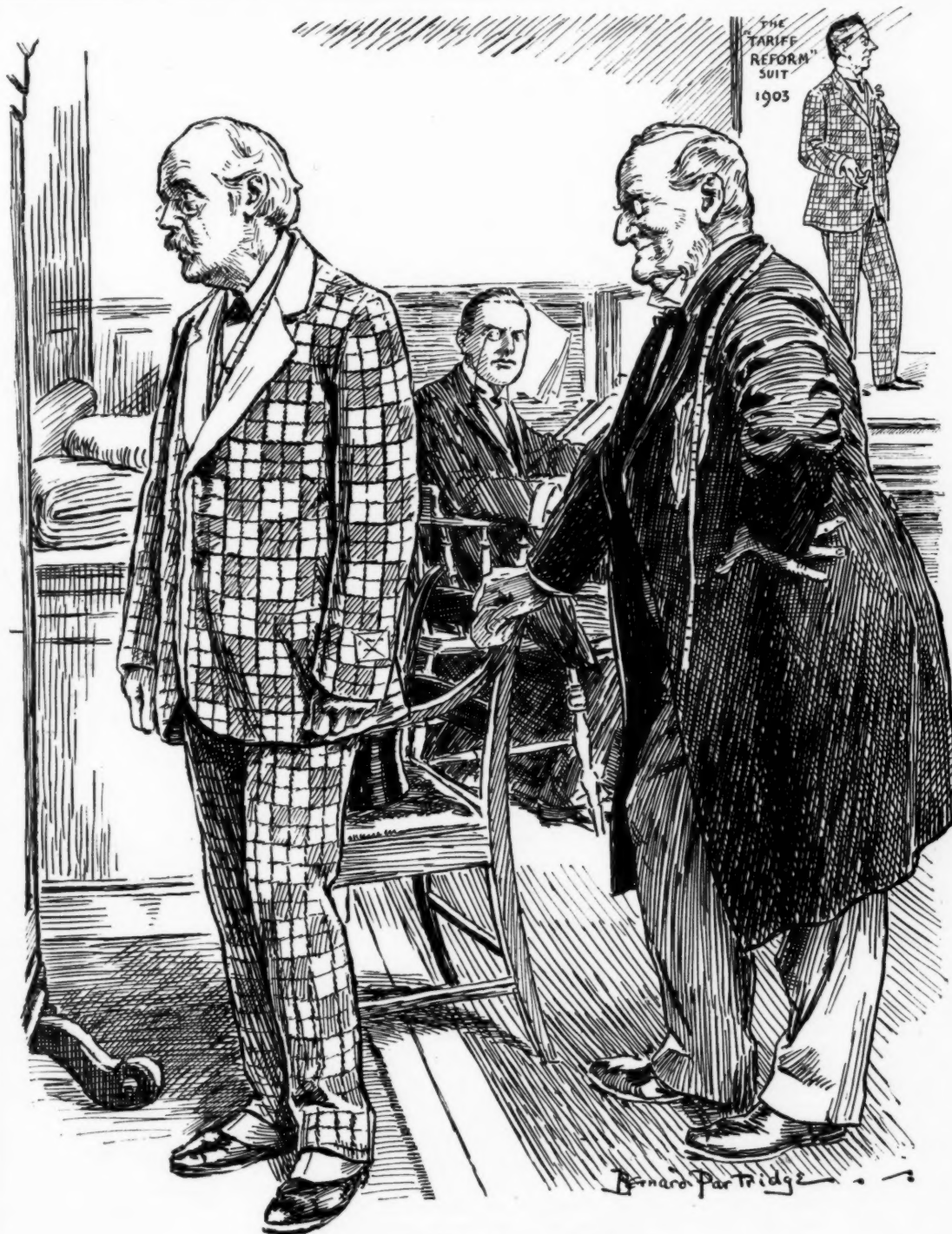
Dr. Wilford Harbottle, of St. Helena, stated that he was somewhat bewildered by a multiplicity of impressions, but perhaps the most striking was that created by the appearance of Mr. Corridor Abel, the famous novelist. From reading his books Dr. Harbottle was led to suppose that he was at least seven feet high, instead of which he was of frail physique and weighed only 9 stone 3 lbs.

Archdeacon Mangles, of the Falkland Islands, was chiefly impressed by the penetrating voices of the newspaper boys, which reminded him of the cries of the sea-birds at home, and the sumptuous luxury of the National Liberal Club.

Miss Wilburina Spacker, of Ithaca, Va., speaking in fluent Esperanto, deplored the lack of skyscrapers, rapid elevators and quick lunches.

Mr. Hiram Pimblott, of Philadelphia, expressed his astonishment at the gentleness and sleekness of the police.

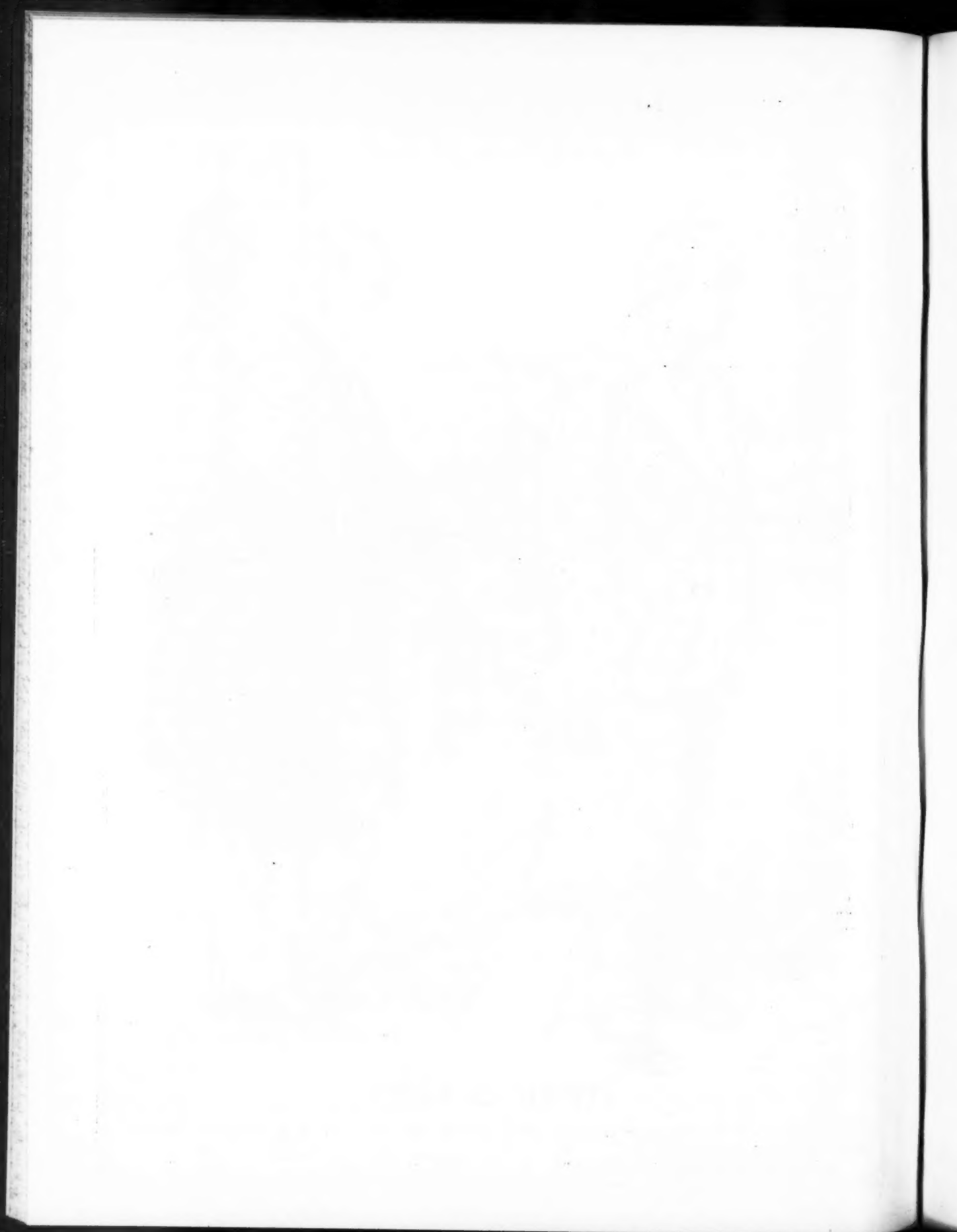
Besides the other performers already mentioned who diversified the entertainment by their performances, mention should be made of Miss Rotorua Vampa, who sang Maori war-songs to the accompaniment of the nasi-flauto, Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus Shyster, plunkophone duettists, and Sig. Onoto Pennini, who gave his celebrated farmyard imitations.

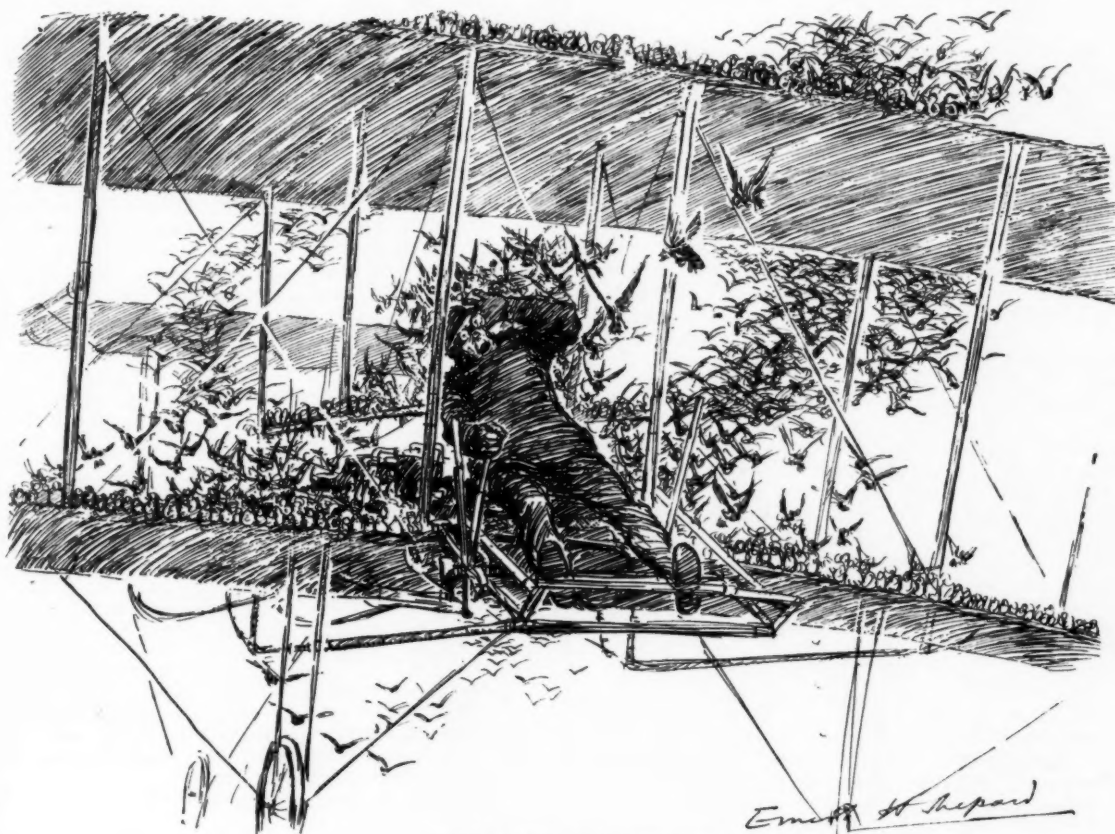


FITTED AT LAST.

MR. CHAPLIN. "YOU'LL NEVER REGRET DECIDING ON THAT, SIR; IT WILL MAKE A PERFECT SUIT FOR THE COUNTRY."

MR. BALFOUR. "I'M SURE I HOPE SO."





THE HAPPY CHANCE.

Chorus of Migrating Birds. "COME ON, BOYS, THIS SPECIAL'S GOING DUE SOUTH!"

THE WHEREABOUTS OF MRS. BILBROOKE.

THE bell was there to be rung, so he rang it. The door was there to be opened, so she opened it. If he had not rung the bell, she would not have opened the door. He might have stood upon the doorstep and whispered, "Open, Sesame," till his tongue worked loose on its bearings, and nothing would have happened. The housemaid's name was not Sesame, and, even if it had been, she would not have acted until he had said "Please." So, to save the bother of a "please" and to avoid a re-christening, he rang the bell and she opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?" he said, to serve his own private ends.

"Maybe, Sir," answered the maid, "or may not be."

"There is no 'may' about it," he continued. "If she is at home, the proper answer is, 'Yes'; if she is not at home, 'No.' Again I ask, 'Is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?' Be careful how

you answer, for you are on your oath, madam."

"I can't say whether . . ." began the maid.

"I was always taught in my infancy," he interrupted severely, "that there was no such word in the English language as 'can't.' I suppose you won't say, although you know. Is it not a little mean, when you know a sure thing like this, to keep it to yourself?"

"At my school, Sir," said the maid, "they always said that silence was golden."

"That," answered he, "is a theory long since exploded. Tell me, is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?"

"I do not know, Sir."

"Think."

"My mistress has often directed me that I am not here to think but to do as she tells me."

"Disregard that instructive advice for the moment and try for this once to think."

"I think, Sir," said the maid, "that in all probability Mrs. Bilbrooke is at home."

"That is much better," said he cheerfully; "you improve rapidly with your lessons. Your thinking is very good and your conduct for the term fair to medium. Mrs. Bilbrooke being at home, I should like to see her."

"If I may be permitted to say so," said the maid, as she started to shut the door, "she might quite possibly like to see you."

"Stop," said he, placing his foot in the door, "you make a mistake. Your next move should have been to throw open the door and to make, at any rate, some show of welcome. You say that Mrs. Bilbrooke is at home?"

"I said, Sir, that I thought she might be at home."

"That is good enough for me," said he, endeavouring to force an entrance. "I will step inside, taking it that . . ."

"Take it how you like, Sir," said the maid, not swerving from her policy of the closed door. "Whether Mrs. Bilbrooke be at home or not at home at the moment, this certainly is not Mrs. Bilbrooke's home."

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE DANISH STEELYARD.

It is a long time since I first met him—thirty-five years ago, to be strictly accurate—and our acquaintance lasted only some eight weeks. In that short period I got to know him intimately, learnt, I suppose, to appreciate all his sterling necessary qualities, interfused him, so to speak, in the substance of my mind, passed an incredibly futile examination which contained him—and then dismissed him into blind forgetfulness. Indeed, I have hardly thought of him again until to-day.

Perhaps I ought to ask pardon for speaking of the Danish Steelyard as a person. I plead that it is more picturesque to say "he" and "him" than to keep on with a reiteration of "it," and besides I have absolutely and entirely forgotten what he was or why he was, or for what reason I was compelled to study his characteristics. In the place in which I am writing there are at my service innumerable books of reference, and in a few moments I could grind up and communicate all the knowledge that ever existed about all the Danish Steelyards that were ever created, but I prefer to remain as I am. Thus I am not tied down to a possibly hideous actuality; if I like I can summon an ideal D. S. to my mind; I can picture him as a cosmic force, a beautiful illusion of youth, a knitter of friendships, a comforter in affliction, a thousand happy and transitory things out of which dreams and high ambitions were once fashioned. No, I shall not renew my once intimate knowledge of the Danish Steelyard.

It was in Trinity College, Cambridge, that he first swam into my ken on an October morning. Nine o'clock was but a minute off. A thin mist lay lightly over the Old Court, and a pale sun was faintly struggling through. The cook's porters, white-robed and balancing blue kitchen-boxes on their heads, were making their way to the rooms of the haughty second and third-year men who were about to breakfast. We were freshmen, a large bunch, in all our new glory of caps and gowns, and we were gathered together for a 9 o'clock lecture. Directly afterwards 9 o'clock began to strike, and we trooped into the lecture-room.

Somehow, as I think of this throng, I invest it with the weary splendours of the present as well as with the glamour of the past. That youngster with the brown skin and the flashing dark eyes of a Spaniard is the Judge of a County Court. He is styled "your Honour," and yet at other times it seems that men call him "Black Jim," to distinguish him from "Scholar Jim," who is a Headmaster and a mighty player of Rugby football. Another Headmaster is there, too, a bluff, downright fellow with a straight clear look in his eyes. I can see him also, and his brother, at Lord's on a July day, and the brother merges into a Right Honourable front-bencher. And there are barristers and parsons not a few; and a Governor of the Bank of England slaps me on the back; and a shy, pink-cheeked family solicitor from Gloucestershire takes his seat next me. A silent man moves about pricking off our names on a sheet of paper. He never asks even a freshman's name: he knows it by instinct. Then the lecturer begins to talk to us, and suddenly he mentions the Danish Steelyard.

I believe the D. S. had a humble relation who was generally spoken of as the Common Steelyard. I have a vague notion that there was something British about the Common Steelyard, something that distinguished him to his advantage from the alien adventurer who was foisted upon us at this early stage of our Cambridge career; but I am no more sure

about him than I am about the other. I half think, now that I bend my mind to it, that he was slightly less complicated; that he was a sort of take-me-or-leave-me Steelyard with no special pretensions, while the Dane was arrogant and insisted on his own surpassing merits. This, however, is the mere shadow of a shade of a recollection.

There, at any rate, I must let the matter rest, for it is strange that when, as now, I think of the D. S. I straightway forget him, and remember only the vanished magic of this delightful world—youth, high spirits, vigour and friendship; the grey courts and rugged towers of the College; the hazy commons, the beat of eight oars in unison—all that made life a joy thirty-five years ago. And I know that when, a century hence, some careful investigator affects to paint the manners and describe the feelings of our time and the causes of them, he will remember all the unessential things, but he will forget to mention the Danish Steelyard.

THE LAST STRAW.

[The chameleons at the Zoo are reported to be in a bad way. Their sole food, it appears, is the greenfly, or blight, and this year the roses in the Zoological Gardens (and the poet's backyard) have been singularly free from this affliction.]

FULL oft I voiced the loud and impious cuss,
With visage growing glum and ever glummer,
Over the totally ridiculous
Vagaries of this recent English summer,
Wherein I burned my Yuletide log in June
(A jolly sight too soon).

And yet one consolation came to me,
My fur-lined coat at least was decked with posies,
And I grew glad at heart again to see
The perfect health of my small patch of roses.
I counted it a bit of real all right
To find them free from blight.

They did not go to swell an insect's tum,
Falling (if roses can) as dead as mutton;
Not mine to mourn at seeing them become
A summer banquet for a greenfly glutton.
No, they were healthy, fragrant, fresh and sweet,
In fact, a fair old treat.

But now no sort of solace can I win;
My sympathetic eyes must fain weep freely on
Learning this present season's shortage in
The commissariat of the poor chameleon,
A rummy little brute, who makes, 'tis said,
Greenfly his daily bread.

Bare platters at the little lizard's meals
Leave no good point remaining with the weather,
And there is nothing more to do, one feels,
But cuss it once again—this time together.
So come, chameleons, let your voices go;
When I count three, say, "Blow!"

Our Weekly Recipe. No. LLLLLL.

"LAUNDRY HINT.—If an ounce of alum is added to the last water used to rinse children's bottles they will be rendered non-inflammable."—*The Cape Argus*.

You didn't know that.

"After a sharp gymnastic display Mrs. Talbot distributed the prizes."—*The Morning Post*.

It sounds as though the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was one of them.

CONSOLATION.

SYBIL, Mildred, Rose and Vi,
Emma (Em) and Amy (Ame),
Rose the Second, Janet, Di,
Mamie, Grace and What's-your-name,
Gladys, Olive, Joyce and Fay,
Hear what I have got to say:—

I have wooed you, ladies dear,
One and all but one by one;
For you all I've let appear
Marked appreciation—
Marked, that is, at various dates
By flowers, gloves and chocolates.

To the whole sixteen of you
I had something to propose,
Which, when I had dared to do,
I was met with fifteen No's.
(From my second Rose I got
Merely an indignant "What?")

Sybil, Mildred, Gladys, Grace
Frankly owned they did not care;
Em and Olive liked my face,
But their hearts were booked else-
where.

Rose the former, Mamie, Vi
Jibbed, but gave no reason why.

Sordid reasons prompted Fay,
Janet, Amy, Di and Joyce.
There I witnessed with dismay
Woman's mercenary choice.
She, whose name I have forgotten,
Thought the bare idea was rotten.

Cruel ladies, do not smirk
In the illusory belief
That my disappointments irk,
That I am obsessed by grief.
Nay, I fill myself with airs
On my numerous "affairs":—

What with Sybil, Mildred, Amy,
Emma, Gladys, Olive, Jane,
Violet, What's-her-name and Mamie,
Rose and Grace and Rose again,
What with Joyce and Fay and Di ...
What a fickle dog am I!

"THE RED RAG."

DEAR SIR,—*The Daily Wattle*, which I brought out recently, has been so successful, greatly owing to the wide publicity given to it in your columns, that I have ventured to go further afield, as it were, and to cater for the cattle. In the hope that you will extend the same courteous assistance to this my latest venture, I beg to enclose a few cutlets from the forthcoming number of *The Red Rag*:—

Mustard and Cress.

Mr. Wilson Steer's Exhibition of Pictures at the Calfox Gallery has been one of the events of the season, being visited by enormous herds.

Sir Loin and Lady de Bœuf's Concert last Sunday was a great success. Miss



Interlaken Pension Bore (still pursuing). "—AND IS THAT REALLY SNOW AT THE TOP—?" Victim (who thought she had at last finished). "WELL, MADAM, SOME DO SAY IT'S SHERBET."

Hereford, one of the latest *prime donne* from the Midlands, sang several songs, her magnificent rendering of "For Heifer and For Heifer" being particularly appreciated.

Professor Galloway Bull has been appointed Master of Porterhouse, Cambridge.

At Goring Petty Sessions last Saturday two young Bulls were heavily ringed for playing pitch-and-toss.

From the Stalls.

Kerry's Theatre:—*The Banderillos*, by Mr. Shan F. Bullock.

The Oxford:—Horn and Hyde; The Buffaloes; Little Ticks; The Two Ayrshires in their daring feat "Chewing the Cud"; Happy Smith Fields, etc., etc.

Late News.

DUCIE STEAKS.

Prime Cuts	1
Silver Grid	2
Buttercup	3
Won by a Shorthorn.	

Mid-Suffolk.—Polls to-day.

Stock Exchange.

Markets bullish. "Milks" rose two pints.

Miscellaneous.

High-class Confectionery. Linsced Cakes a speciality. B, 902, Long Acre. Silverside, Alderney. — Board residence. Good manger kept. Write Miss Meadows.

Apartment for single young Heifer. Apply, The Chine, Shanklin.

Take Calves' Liver Pills.

From the programme of the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester:—

"Press Cuttings. A Tropical Sketch by Bernard Shaw."

This may explain why it was censored.

"Lost black Pomeranian dog, white on breast, three paws, and round mouth."—*Daily News*.

We should know it anywhere.

THE BUDGET A.B.C.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This is meant as a handy guide for all decent people who still respect the Church, the Empire, Family Life, our Old Nobility, and Sir SPENCER MARYON-WILSON, Bart. (The order of the foregoing is merely alphabetical.) In the Great Struggle which is approaching between Order and Chaos, Freedom and Slavery, Tariff Reform and Socialism, such ammunition as this cannot fail to be useful. (In pamphlet form, 5s. per 1,000.)]

Alligators.

The connection between the humble Saurian and the tyrannical LLOYD-GEORGE may not be apparent at first sight; but it is obvious that the more our rich men are taxed the less money they will have for spending abroad on the banks of the Amazon. Tariff Reform, therefore, means free food for alligators; Socialism means the decay of family life amongst our larger reptilia.

Tariff Reform means more gaiters for alligators.—(ADVT.)

Balfour.

The policy which our great leader first announced in 1903, and has advocated untiringly ever since, is Tariff Reform. What is Tariff Reform? (*Loud and prolonged Cheers, and a Voice, "Shame!"*) We shall come to that later on.

Tariff Reform means Full Speed Ahead. (ADVT.)

Correspondence.

There are only two ways of writing letters just now. The first begins, "DEAR SIR BARONET,—I humbly venture to enclose my little account," and ends with a respectful reference to the weather. The second is more important, and must be given in full:

999, Grosvenor Square, W.
The Castle, Perthshire.
Broadlands, nr. Evershot.
Llwynmelltych, Dolgelly, Wales.
Thomas Towers, Leicester.
S.Y. Araminta.

(^o Strike out five of these.)

DEAR SIR,—I much regret that owing to the increased taxation imposed by the Budget (which I shall never pay, as it is certain to be thrown out by the Lords) I am compelled to economise at somebody's expense, and that therefore I shall be unable to renew my subscription to your Children's Holiday Fund. You may also miss the beef at Christmas.

Yours regretfully, MIDDLESEX.
(Including most of the Embankment.)

P.S.—I am sending a copy of this letter to the Press—all except the bit about the Lords.

Tariff Reform means Beef at Christmas. (ADVT.)

Dukes.

(Hats off, please.)

I want you to follow me very carefully here, because the position of the Duke is often misunderstood by tactless persons. Suppose that a Duke receives £200,000 a-year for his services to the country.

Now, at first sight, that seems a lot of money, and hasty people say, "Oh, we must tax this man heavily, he is so rich." But let us pause and reflect a moment. What does he do with this money? He doesn't bury it or drop it down a well. No, he spends it; and by spending it he gives employment to the poor people of England whom we are all so sorry for. Suppose you take away £10,000 from our Duke in taxes. What is the result? *Why, he spends £10,000 less!* That is to say, the poor working people lose £10,000 worth of employment. So that in trying to tax a Duke you are really robbing the widow and the orphan, besides hurting the feelings of a wise and kindly legislator!

Tariff Reform means Happier Dukes.

(ADVT.)

Employment.

This is really a continuation of my last paragraph, only I thought you might like to put your hats on again. Roughly speaking, the nation may be divided into Employers and Employed. (And, under this beastly Government, Unemployed.) Now I have already shown the iniquity of putting these extra taxes on to the very men who create employment, and of course the same argument applies to all the old taxes. That is to say, no Employer ought to pay any kind of tax. Who should, then? for we must have a Navy (*see small bills*). Why, the Employed, of course; in other words, the working man! *Surely* you see that?

Tariff Reform means Common Sense.

(ADVT.)

Fiscal Reform.

This is simply another name for Tariff Reform, which is the only alternative to this Socialistic Budget. Other names for Tariff Reform are "Protection" and "Free Trade."

Tariff Reform means ELLIS BARKER.

(ADVT.)

Foreigner (The).

(Shame!)

We are raising this year some hundreds of millions in taxes. The money is spent in carrying on the work of the country, in policing our streets and in defending our shores. Who pays these taxes? You and I! LLOYD-GEORGE makes us pay them! And this is called "The People's Budget"! Now the alternative to this Budget is Tariff Reform; and what does Tariff Reform mean? *It means making the foreigner pay!* It means making Germany pay for our Navy! Supposing you had a wife and two pretty children, wouldn't you hate having to work for them? Wouldn't you much rather that somebody else—the man that lived opposite whom you disliked so—supported them for you? Of course you would! And in the same way every patriotic Englishman detests the idea of paying for his own

ships and men, and looks about for some way of making Germany do it.

Tariff Reform means making Germany pay for our Navy.—(ADVT.)

George, Lloyd-.

Let us never forget in mentioning this person that ours is the "gentlemanly party." Our references to the little Welsh attorney who was educated in a Board School must therefore be moderate. "Thief, Traitor, and Foul-mouthed Tub-thumper" is perhaps as far as we may go with propriety.

Tariff Reform means more gentlemen.

(ADVT.)

Lords (The).

It is now practically certain that the Lords will do something; *The Daily Express* (Unionist), *The Westminster Gazette* (Radical), and *The Times* (Independent) are all agreed upon this. The probability is that they will insist upon a general election, call for the resignation of Mr. CHURCHILL, disfranchise the working man, and abolish the safety miss at billiards. In such a course they would be supported by the whole country.

Tariff Reform means LORD BLUMENFELD.

(ADVT.)

Property.

If this Budget is allowed to become law there will be no such thing as property. Your little patch of garden will be wrested from you. You may be in the middle of a game of croquet—actually in position for the third hoop—but that will not deter LLOYD-GEORGE. One of his hirelings will come and take the lawn away from you; as likely as not, he will pinch the mallets too.

Tariff Reform means croquet for all.

(ADVT.)

Socialism.

Socialism means—

- I. (*actually*) The nationalisation of the means of production and distribution;
- II. (*roughly*) Atheism, Free Love, and Death to EDWARD THE SEVENTH;
- III. (*for the moment*) Anything in the Budget.

Tariff Reform means God Save the King. (ADVT.)

Tariff Reform.

After the lucid explanations of my advertisement manager it is hardly necessary for me to speak at any length about Tariff Reform. But in a general way it may be said that Tariff Reform means what the other side say the Budget means, only more of it (or less of it, as the case may be).

Tariff Reform also means ELLIS BARKER. (ADVT.)

Zinc.

And so I arrive at Z. It is now generally admitted by all moderate thinkers that the Budget will ruin the Zinc Trade. Tariff Reform would establish it for ever. Englishmen, for which will you vote? A. A. M.

LE CHIEN TERRIBLE.

[TO A YOUNG-OLD RETRIEVER.]

No, Rupert, no: the glory has dispersed
The sweet impression (and the muddy splash)

You left upon me when I met you first
And faintly called you "Dash."

Flattered, I thought, "He knows an honest face;"

But riper friendship has betrayed how cheap

Your adulations were, and dulled their grace:—

Get down, you dingy sweep!

All canine humour may be overdone:

My gloves were meant to wear, I want my hat:

More, there are moments when it wearies one

To improvise a rat.

(The cosmic verities are rarely gained,
But none the less I differ from your view

That earth's phenomena may be explained
By boning them to chew.)

Yon slipper doubtless was a work of art
Before your earnest fangs revealed its woof:

Nor should the soundness of a golf-ball's heart

Be shown by dental proof.

Yes, you have splendid teeth, and must have made,

While young ambitions yet were undeterred,

The most distracting tyro of your trade
That ever mouthed a bird.

Those, and a very tidy turn of speed,
Topped by a bell-mouthed bay of blood-hound tone,

Give you the finest points of every breed
(Barring, of course, your own).

But even genius is apt to tire

When so assertive, and so prone to range

Regardless through the fouler sorts of mire—

Besides, you have the mange.

I shall not wrestle for that chunk of wood,

I shall not hurl you boulders any more;

The nameless glamour of your puppy-hood,

Take it from me, is o'er.

Go and amuse yourself with village fights,

Or, if you lean to some less active bout,
Proclaim a pogrom of your parasites;

But not in here! Get out.



THOSE WHO ASK SHAN'T HAVE.

Jeannette (lunching out). "OH, WHAT A SILLY GIRL I AM—I FORT I HAD ANSWER PLUM!"

HEROIC MEASURES.

ADVANCES IN HOMŒOPATHY.

(By our Medical Adviser.)

[The cure of rheumatism by bee-stings was demonstrated at the Exhibition of the Surrey Bee-Keepers' Association.]

MEDICAL men are showing great interest in the new red-hot-poker treatment for stuttering. The poker is applied freely to various parts of the body until it fizzles. The treatment is useless if anæsthetics are employed, but it may be discontinued, if the patient is in a weak state or elderly, as soon as he becomes incoherent and the eyeballs protrude.

The mad-bull cure for acute sciatica is a theory lately advanced by a German investigator, and is based on the supposition (not so far endorsed by any sufferers) that the complaint is purely nervous and therefore imaginary. The subject is placed in a large field containing from three to five insane bulls with highly-pointed horns, and is recommended to run for the nearest hedge at

a speed of from twenty to thirty miles per hour, regardless of pain. Owing to an unaccountable difficulty in procuring patients, experiments are for the present confined exclusively to reformatories and convict stations.

An open-air sanatorium for sufferers from asthma is being erected at the South Pole. Invalids, wearing only a kilt, winter and summer, will bathe for half-an-hour twice a day until their temperatures fall below zero. They sleep on icebergs. Before retiring for the night the feet are placed in salted water until raw and then singed, jumping being generally indulged in during this exercise. The diet prescribed is a simple one of half-a-pound of cold mutton and two drachms of soda-water per diem. Over-heating should be avoided.

Other remedies under examination by the faculty are the bull-dog treatment (for nervous diseases in children), the Australian wild cat, and the ants' nest one-night-cure.



AN EARLY BIRD.

"I SAY, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU SHOOT THIS 'CHEEPER' FOR?"

"I DON'T CALL THAT A 'CHEEPER.'"

"WELL--IT IS OUT OF THE EGG--YOU'RE RIGHT SO FAR!"

TO A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

["But fill me with the old familiar goose,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."]'

Nor of thy feats of war, intrepid bird,
Sing I; as when the slumbering Romans heard
From their steep citadel the clarion call
That bade them rise and bang the stealthy Gaul.
Not of the cloth-yard shaft, goose-winged to slay
The caitiff as he legged it from the fray,
What time the haughty Frenchman lived to feel
The Free Companion's death-compelling steel,
Or punctured his invaluable pelt on
The point of a Sir Nigel or a Shelton.
Not mine to praise thine intellect, or glean
Tales of that Nestor of the village green,
Whose sage "Ga! Ga!" for o'er a hundred years
Moved an attentive neighbourhood to tears.
And those seven glaucous gluttons who (one reads)
Flew o'er seven virid and herbaceous meads;
Not mine to tell their travels, or to hymn
All the wise geese of ANDERSEN and GRIMM.
Rather thy minstrel I, majestic goose,
As thou appearest in domestic use;
When plump with sage and roasted to a T,
Men dish thee up; and I regretfully
Pass by the fish that I may have more room for thee.

Oh, when, a youth, I used to stuff and stuff,
Yet never felt as if I'd had enough;
When nothing eatable about the place

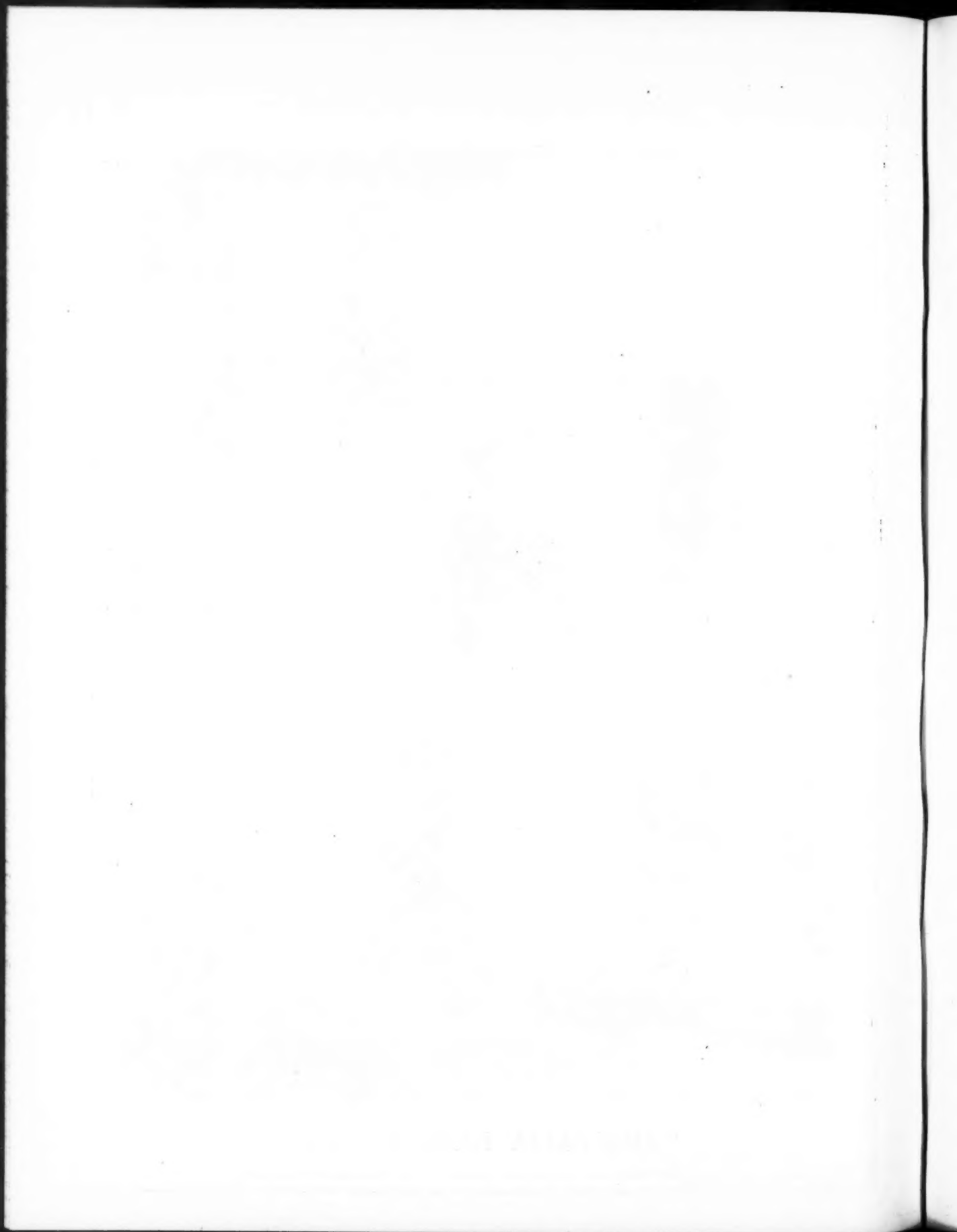
Got by my indefatigable face;
Well I recall how on Saint Michael's day
Proud relatives would summon me from play,
And weigh me thoughtfully, ere they turned me loose,
And watched me forge my way into the goose.
I was a sickly lad and rather thin,
And people wondered how I crammed it in,
Nor ever guessed the heroic strength of mind
With which a seventh helping was declined.
Ay, and though multiplying lustres cause
A certain inanition in the jaws,
And appetite's inexorable term is
Set by an inelastic epidermis,
I still achieve the old familiar thrill
When I observe "Roast Goose" upon the bill,
And letting out my belt go to it with a will.

Once at a country fair I saw engage
The champion eater of the vicinage.
Three legs of mutton and a keg of ale
Vanished like chaff before the autumn gale;
Twelve pounds of cheese and fourteen apple pies
Were blotted out before our dazzled eyes.
And "Oh," I cried, "how gladly would I give
The futile ends for which my fellows live;
Success in science, letters or the law,
For that sublime, incomparable maw!
Love might elude me, Fortune pass me by,
Unknown to fame I'd gladly live and die,
Had I that power to eat without surcease,
And cash enough to buy a flock of geese!"



"AUSTRALIA EXPECTS"

(Mr. Cook's Defence Bill has just been introduced in the Commonwealth Parliament.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 20.—Everyone has heard of the painful scene that took place in Committee Room C last Friday. Standing Committee at work on Development Bill. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, having (secretly) breakfasted late, opposed usual interval for light luncheon refreshment. At 2.45 ROBERT CECIL, who though transcendental by nature is of a frugal mind, rang bell for restaurant waiter. Result of interview disclosed when ten minutes later the Minion brought in tray and set it before the noble Freefooder. Napkin removed, behold one of those shilling meals which serve to keep green the memory of our dear ALFRED JACOBY, longtime Chairman of Kitchen Committee.

As Lord ROBERT sipped his turtle soup, toyed with his *Zephir de Ris de Veau*, lingered over his ortolan, batten on his Banbury cake—what irony there was in the appearance on the scene of the familiar delicacy!—his colleagues eyed him askance. Captain CRAIG tightened his belt. Finding it made no impression on his figure, he produced a short briar pipe, filled, lit, and smoked it.

FREDERICK BANBURY, 1st Bart., sat proudly aloof. Some might eat, others smoke; he would starve. Happy thought suggested by example of Suffragettes battling with myrmidons of the law. Denying themselves food, they were released lest worse things should happen. What woman could do, BANBURY would. Straightway resolved to take no food as long as Committee on Development Bill sit upstairs on days when Finance Bill is to the fore in the House.

Shortly after Questions opened to-day, the tragedy was brought home to Members. Leaning on arm of sympathetic Messenger the Baronet entered by glass door; was led as far as Bar. Thereafter, on his way to his seat above Gangway, he must needs go unassisted. Would he be able to do it? Pulling himself together, he struggled on. Spirit triumphed over flesh, of which latter, truth to tell, scarcely any remained worth speaking of. Not a dry eye in crowded House. Murmur of cheers greeted his slow arrival in safety to his seat. BOB

CECIL, mindful of the inspiring effects of a generous meal, pressed on his acceptance a stale Bath bun. CAPTAIN CRAIG furtively thrust into his hand a briarwood pipe. He repelled both advances.

Awaiting opportunity whilst PREMIER was catechised, he enquired whether, "if the right hon. gentleman intends to compel us to sit all day and all night, he will also compel the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to be present?"



THE MAN WITH THE PIPE.

(The Sir Walter Raleigh of the Committee Rooms, Captain Craig, M.P. for East Down.)

There the rub. Bad enough to be kept-in starving. To know that absent CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER is enjoying the privacy and privileges of his room, gorging himself with leek prepared in various forms in the way of concessions on the Budget Bill, is more than human nature can stand.

FITZALAN HOPE crystallised scene and story in a question addressed to PREMIER. "If," he asked, "any Member of the Committee dies in the course of the proceedings, will he be accorded a public funeral?"

The PREMIER, averting his glance from BANBURY, but fearing the worst, declined to give any pledge.

Business done.—Dealt with Income Tax clauses of Budget Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The Earl of CREWE rules but does not govern. Nominally Leader of the House, actually representative of the strongest Government of modern times, he is as wax in the fingers of Lord LANSDOWNE. The Marquis does his squeezing gently.

Effect all the same. The Earl proposes, the Marquis disposes. Omnipotent in the other House, His Majesty's Government have not much more influence over direction of affairs coming before Lords than have the policemen in the passages or the messengers at the door.

Droll situation forcibly illustrated to-day. Housing and Town Planning Bill in Committee. On second reading it met with reception that seemed to give glowing promise of triumphal progress. Criticism of noble lords on Opposition side chiefly confined to regret not unmingled with resentment that a measure admirably calculated to promote the symmetry of big towns and the welfare of their inhabitants had not been brought in earlier.

Hadn't been in Committee five minutes when bang went important provision of Clause 2.

Great occasion for CAMPERDOWN. Gripped it with that dogged tenacity that distinguishes him as Convenor of Forfarshire. Ponderous, pragmatical, pertinacious, he (using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense) butted CREWE aside. Leader of the House had taken precaution of setting up BEAUCHAMP as buffer between him and movers of what he plaintively described as "a series of amendments which it is in

the power of your Lordships to carry and which fill the mind of the Government with dread and alarm."

After first division, in which Ministers mustered only 30 against 112, CAMPERDOWN returned to attack with fresh strategy. Moved to insert new subsection to Clause 2. It ran to exactly two hundred words! Breathlessly recited as a sentence, with no interval of rest save an occasional comma and two semicolons. Noble lords gasped. What it meant or might portend, who should say?



"AS WAX IN THE FINGERS OF LORD LANSDOWNE."
(Lord Crewe.)

There stood the Convener of Forfarshire, grim, implacable. Doubtless he knew what it meant. Study of its bearings was kind of intellectual rhapsody occasionally permitted himself amid the more serious avocations of arid life.

CREWE's gallant spirit quailed. Accustomed to face hopeless odds, he invariably makes show of fight. This stupendous sub-section, with its "but if's," its "and if's," its "unlesses," and its "or other circumstances," too much for him. As for BEAUCHAMP, he collapsed before the sanctuary of the first semicolon was reached. When the LORD CHANCELLOR—whose wig slowly, without touch of visible force, got hopelessly awry as the sub-section was read—put the question, Ministers sat mute; CAMFERDOWN's amendment agreed to without division.

In a sitting that lasted up to midnight, only one other division taken. It recorded the presence of twenty-four

Ministerialists. Where were the odd six? CREWE, looking anxiously round, concluded they had succumbed to weight of the sub-section. Paper still crowded with amendments. If he challenged further division, his minority would altogether disappear. So he meekly bowed his head to the storm, and the Opposition mercilessly remodelled the Bill.

Business done.—Town Planning Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Light incidentally flashed on pampered condition of Territorials. ORATOR HUNT held the candle. Wanted to know if it is true that during the camping-out of the Gordon Territorials at Aultmore the men were accustomed to shave in lemonade?

No one doubts the courage of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. Notable that on this occasion he found it desirable to be engaged elsewhere. Shaving in lemonade is a small, to some people an unaccountable,

foible. Why a man should hanker after lemonade as a solvent for his bar of shaving soap is one of those things not easy to understand. Next he'll be asking for ginger-beer, on field-days for champagne.

In WAR MINISTER's absence, ACLAND, mildest-mannered man that ever faced an infuriate economist, put up to reply. Took refuge in ignorance. Never heard of the lemonade fantasy. Probably incident result of personal taste and possession of private means. Certainly there was no record that in addition to super-tax, increase of 2d. in the pound income-tax, and other severities of the Budget, the British tax-payer is mulct in charges for lemonade served out to the Territorials at shaving time.

ORATOR HUNT desired to continue the conversation. Glancing at the SPEAKER, who this week has developed welcome stringency with regard to the plague of supplementary questions, he resumed his seat, contenting himself at intervals with vocal imitations of the popping of corks of lemonade bottles.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. Major COATES illumines dull debate by "viewing the Stamp Duties from point of view of a business man, not a politician." This innovation proved instant success. ORATOR HUNT has "a talk about Tea."



BEAUCHAMP IN ALL HIS GLORY.
(Earl Beauchamp, K.C.M.G.)



ON MANŒUVRES.

Army Service Corps N. C. O. in charge of forage (to Officer's groom who has come for extra rations for a horse). "HAVE YOU BROUGHT A REQUISITION?" Groom. "No. AIN'T GOT NOSE WITH US, BUT I'VE BROUGHT A BUCKET."

WIGGY AND THE FARES.

WIGGY was more than usually talkative to-night after he had set me down and I had, as usual, grossly overpaid him.

"Lord love me, Sir," he said, with the Londoner's elision, "if everyone was like you what a pleasure cab-driving would be. But there, they ain't. Only this morning I had two old ladies to drive from the Grand Hotel to the Natural History Museum and back again. They took me for an hour, and they got back exactly to the minute. What do you think they gave me? Half-a-crown."

"But that's the fare," I said; "one hour, half-a-crown. They probably were strangers to London, and, having read it in the regulations, thought it was the proper amount."

"Right you are, Sir," said Wiggy. "I thought something was up on the way back, and I opened the trap-door and caught them breaking their necks trying to read the table. So I was prepared for the worst. But what part of England do you suppose people come from where they don't give a cabman a penny for himself?"

He paused to gather fresh impetus. "Do you think they'd treat a taxi-driver like that? Not arf. Look at

those shovers! They never say a civil word to anyone, but who dares ask one for any change out of a bob, even if there's only eightpence on the clock? Oo? No one."

Wiggy leaned down to bring his head closer to mine. "What is it about those shovers," he asked mysteriously, "that makes them so different from us? Why are people so frightened of them?"

I murmured something about machinery, unknown forces, and so forth.

"Yes, I daresay that's part of it; but do you suppose if I was to learn to shove," said Wiggy, "anyone would be afraid of me? Nar! It's more than that. Smoke cigarettes, too, all the time, and has more meals in a day than I get in a week, and passes on the wrong side. I dunno what London's coming to."

Wiggy shook his head tragically.

"You don't mind me talking, I hope," he said. "It isn't costing anything, you know—not like talking to a taxi, what's going on all the time!"

I laughed.

"But that's not all about those two old ladies," Wiggy resumed. "What do you think they did? They didn't give me the half-crown themselves; they nipped indoors and sent it out by

the porter. There's lots of different kinds of meanness in fares—there's the people who are 'so sorry they haven't got any coppers'; there are the people who think that giving the driver an old newspaper is enough to make him their slave; there are the people what pat your horse and ask questions about it, and then offer a bare bob; but of all the mean tricks getting the porter to pay you is the worst. That's mean twice over: because, to begin with, it's mean, just mean; and secondly there's the porter's meanness, too, in not sticking up for the cabman and telling the people that the fare by itself's not enough. That's what I complain of. Why couldn't old brass-bound have said to the ladies that in London we give a tip as well as the fare, especially when we fill up the blooming hour to the tick? He's a working man, just like me, and in fact feeds on tips. But no, he just hands it to me, and says the ladies give it him for me for an hour's hire, and off he goes back to his armchair and *Daily Mail*."

Wiggy sighed.

"Fancy giving a man an hour's fare for an hour's hire!" he concluded. "England's breaking up; that's what I say."

PAGE SEVEN.

I ALWAYS used to read those little books with a clear conscience. They were given to me only on a Sunday following an unblemished week. I am proud to say that I never once missed my Aunt Belinda's gift. The good little boy, I remember, was always called Willie—while the dreadful youth, who went on the river on Sunday after robbing the poor little birds of their eggs, was always George. Perhaps the author had an enemy called George, but I preferred to believe that it was the finger of Fate. I, who prided myself upon being a model child, was christened William. The son of our next-door neighbour—a reckless, vulgar boy—bore the name of George! I used to pass the little books on to him (after I had committed them to memory). The bad little boy, I pointed out to him, *seemed* to have the better time for the first six pages of the book, but Willie always secured the lion's share of total benefits at page seven. So hardened, however, was his conscience that he used to roar with laughter over George's untimely fate, and was even moved to merriment by the excellent moral that was printed inside the cover. Finally I gave up all hope of doing him good. I left him to go his own wicked way and shunned his society.

Twenty years later we met again. As might have been expected, he had gone on the Stock Exchange. He was dressed as a millionaire could dress if he wanted to.

"I'll eat my hat if that isn't Willie!" he cried.

"George," I said reproachfully, "supposing it *hadn't* been me?"

"Just the same old Willie!" he shouted. Then his eye travelled over my well-worn but scrupulously clean attire. "Haven't got to page seven yet, eh? Well, come down and stay with me for a week next Friday. You are free?"

"I am," I replied, as I took the card he offered me. "I was forced to rebuke my late employer."

"You would!" said George.

I sighed in pity for him. Page seven must be *very* near for him.

I gave the porter his twopence with a few well-chosen words on alcohol, and hid myself behind my paper. I did not wish George to find me. He was too selfish to give up his first-class smoker, and I object on principle to smoking. Moreover I do not consider it right to travel first-class with a third-class ticket.

As soon, however, as he had been deferentially shut into the next compartment, I put down my paper and looked out of the window. As I did so an elderly lady made a dash at George's door.

"This is a *smoker*!" he shouted.

She wrestled ineffectually with the handle. George, I doubted not, was holding it firmly from within. "Smoker!" he roared. "Smoker!"

The guard whistled and the train jerked forward. In an instant I was out on the platform. "Madam," I said with a running bow, as I hoisted her into my carriage, "there is room here." The guard helped me in.

"Did you hear what he said?" I inquired anxiously.

"No. What was it?"

I retired hastily behind my paper.



TO AVOID FURTHER UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDINGS, MR. PUNCH SUGGESTS THAT A VISITORS' BOOK SHOULD BE PLACED AT THE NORTH POLE.

The first paragraph I read described how a youth named William had assisted a lady in distress, and five years later had been left a fortune by his grateful fellow-passenger. I put down the paper again.

"Madam," I said, "I am delighted to have been of some trifling service to you."

"Ah, when one is left all alone in the world one doesn't get much attention," she said with a sigh.

Two hours later she descended at a wayside station.

"We have had a most pleasant journey," she said, "and I can promise that you will not find me forgetful."

She handed her shawl to a magnificent footman, and as her car drove out of the yard she turned to wave to me.

"This is page seven," I said.

"Blow!" said George. "Ruined!"

He tossed the paper from him as I stooped to pick up my piece of toast.

I scraped some pieces of carpet off the buttered side before replying.

"I expected it," I said. "It is page seven."

"If I could only hang on for the rise!" he exclaimed. "Pity you can't lend me a few thousand for a week, Willie."

"I am a poor man, *at present*," I said, "but in any case I could not bring myself to aid and abet in a gambling transaction. Do you remember that moral in one of the little books about the punishment of vice?"

George made no reply. There *could* be no reply. He savagely tore open an envelope that lay by his plate. "Lawyer's letters already! . . . By Jove!

By Jove! Listen to this, Willie!

'Dear Sir—On Saturday last our client, Miss Priscilla Goodman, made a fresh will, under which you have become entitled to a sum of close on half-a-million pounds. Whilst deeply regretting her sudden decease we beg to congratulate you on your good fortune. You will doubtless remember a lady asking for your card after your kindness to her on a journey to Warwickshire. Awaiting your instructions and hoping—'

I heard no more. A terrible thought had struck me. I snatched out my card-case and opened it. The card which George had given me was gone! I hastily counted my own cards. I always carry exactly half-a-dozen. One, two, three, four, five, *six*! "I gave her *your* card!" I shouted.

George laughed aloud. "Why, there's some hope for you yet, Willie! Very smart! On the spur of the moment, too!"

"I *did*!" I said. "I *did*!"

"Anyway," said he, "she has left me the money."

"But I helped her into the train and was kind to her! That money is my reward!"

"Do you remember the moral in another of those little books," said George, "about Virtue being its own reward?"

There must be something wrong with those little books.

In our forthcoming work "Telegraphic addresses one would rather have left unregistered," the following (for information as to which we are indebted to *The Buenos Ayres Herald*) takes a prominent position upon the first page:—

"Hotel Sud Americano—*Hoteldum*."

EVENING.

You may talk of the splendour of morning
 When the sun on some primitive Alp
 Glows pink on the snowfields adorning
 Its hoary and pinnacled scalp;
 You may dwell on the thrills of emotion
 You feel when the vanguards of day
 Shimmer up from the dark o'er some
 tropical ocean
 In golden array;

When in August your being rejoices
 At the first faintest twang of the
 horn,
 When the puppies are flinging their
 voices
 As they crash through the bramble
 and thorn,
 When the mist in the valley still grey is,
 While the gossamer's draped on the
 stem,
 You may say that the very best hour of
 the day is
 Five-thirty a.m.;

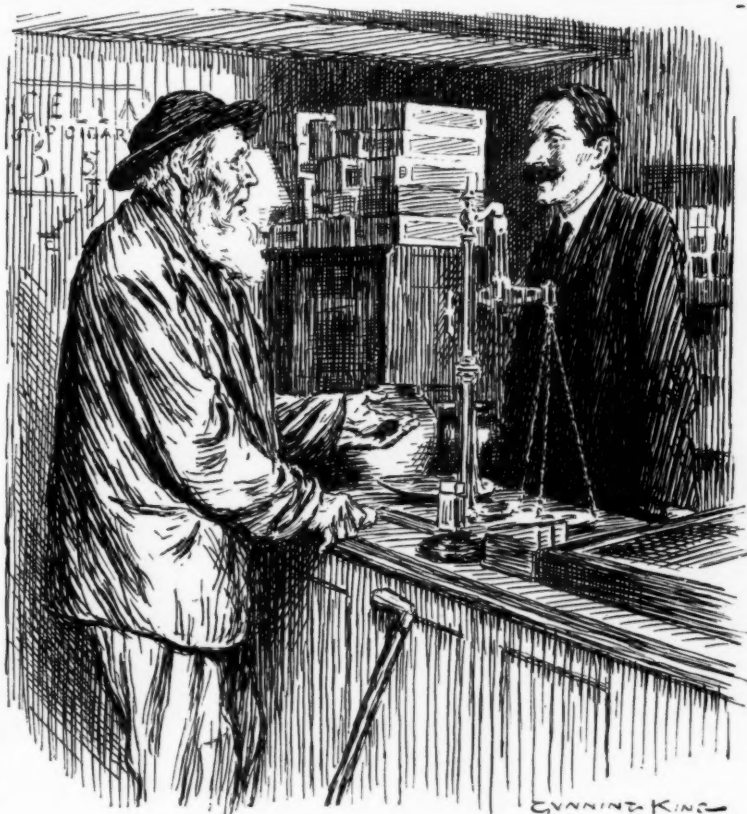
You may boast of the moments that
 waken
 The delights of a fly-fishing day,
 Of tobacco ambrosially taken
 That blends with the scent of the may,
 And, burnt through the lanes to the
 river,
 Where the wild rose bedizens the
 hedge,
 Seems a delicate incense to Pan—the
 great giver
 Of mayfly and sedge;

But the fulness of day may cloud over
 The peaks where the sunrise shone fair,
 And hounds may be slipped out of cover
 And you somehow fail to be "there;"
 And noon may bring storm to the billows
 That smiled under morning's clear
 skies,
 And the monster that lurks in the shade
 of the willows
 May heed not your flies;

Therefore evening for me—when the
 chances
 And hazards of daylight conclude
 In the lamp-lighted hour that enhances
 The pleasures of friendship and food,
 When Castles of Spain are projected
 In outline of turret and keep,
 For the land where alone you may find
 them erected—
 The Kingdom of Sleep!

SMALL WANTS—GRATIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Daily Mail* (a morning paper) asks: "Why is it that dog-stealers are so leniently dealt with compared with other offenders?" He then adds: "I write feelingly, for on September 12 my valuable brindle Scottish terrier disappeared, and all efforts



INGRATITUDE.

(Old Man, who has just received his Old-Age Pension, tenders the usual three-halfpence for half an ounce of tobacco.)

Tobacconist. "IT IS TWOPENCE NOW, OWING TO THE EXTRA DUTY IMPOSED."

Old Man. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THIS GOVERNMENT DO NEXT?"

to trace him have proved futile, despite the offer of a £10 reward. He answers to the name 'Jannock,' is three years of age, and weighs 22 lb. He was last seen at Fryshill, Lymington, Hampshire. I shall be glad to have tidings of him."

Now here we have a device for which so many persons have long been pining: the free advertisement. A skillful letter to a confiding editor does all that is needed, free of charge, and, indeed, wins notice in a way that no ordinary paid-for advertisement ever could. Thus:

SIR,—I am annoyed at the amount of attention that is given to such an unpractical matter as the discovery (or not) of the Pole (North or South), a hypothetical spot, the reaching of which cannot add one jot to the sum of human happiness, while really important domestic questions touching the comfort of the home are neglected. Take, for example, the scarcity of servants. Can nothing be done to remedy this defect? At the present moment I happen to want both a cook and a parlour-maid. To the

cook I am prepared to give £30 a-year, and to the parlourmaid £26.

H. BANKES-MITFORD.

23, Marylebone Square, W.

Could anything be simpler?

Or again:

SIR,—I observe with some surprise your panegyrical remarks upon foreigners and their success in hotels. The desirability of praising foreigners at all is of course open to question, but that is not my point; my point is that it is idle to suggest that English youths shall become waiters, because of course they will not; what you should do is to name reasonable employment for them. I am twenty-three and have been well educated. I speak French and German and can write shorthand. I am open to any trustworthy post requiring intelligence. Salary £150 to begin with. I may add that I am one of the few persons who both bought and read your excellent book on our German cousins.

T. HARRIS GARLAND.

108, Guilford Street, W.C.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a highly virile explorer, gifted with all the primitive and barbarous attractions of his fatal type, swoops down upon an ancient manor, we may be sure that trouble is brewing—especially when the manor contains a delightful and confiding girl. In *The Squire's Daughter* (METHUEN) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL deals with such a situation. Having read his novel with sustained interest from the first page to the last, I am bound to say that he deals with it admirably. He is never mawkish; he never gushes unseasonably; he never offends by misplaced sentimentality. To these virtues of a negative sort he adds extraordinary positive merits. I have said that the book is very interesting. It owes that supreme quality not merely to its skilfully managed plot, but also to the abundant and cheerful humour—the twins, for instance, are quite irresistible—the deft, light touch, and the excellent characterisation of Mr. MARSHALL. Mr. Clinton is a live Squire, puzzle-headed, arbitrary, affectionate and absolutely convincing in his reality; and Cicely, his sweet daughter, with her innocence, her gaiety and her charm, is just such a daughter as any Squire may well be thankful for. All the persons, in short, stand out clear and well-defined. Mr. MARSHALL has done good work before, but *The Squire's Daughter* is by far his best.

Some time last year I read in one of the monthly magazines a story by Sir GILBERT PARKER, which struck me and remained in memory by reason of its simple poesy, its freshness of character and scenery. I find it in *Northern Lights* (METHUEN), one of nearly a score of short romances from the same pen. The rarest thing to find in current literature is a first-class short story. When a man has a tale to tell, he naturally is disposed to extend it over the orthodox space of a six-shilling novel. Sir GILBERT PARKER is more generous. He gives of his best within the compass of an average of twenty pages. *Northern Lights* shine over the Far West country of Canada. One-third of the tales, in which the red man and woman figure, are reminiscent of FENIMORE COOPER at his best. Of late years the author has been more familiar with the wastes of Carlton House Terrace and the wanderings of that mighty river, the Thames. But he has not lost touch with scenes of earlier life, can still paint the glory of Canadian skies, and enable the reader to realise the vastness of Canada's prairies and its forests. These form the background of a succession of stories in which a few short, sharp strokes of a deftly-wielded pen lead up to a variety of dramatic situations.

Its publisher (GRANT RICHARDS) has painted a very simple-looking fly on the cover of *Multitude and Solitude*, Mr. MASE-

FIELD's last book. It has a wicked heart, however, for it is the tsetse, whose bite conveys sleeping sickness to the inhabitants of Uganda, though not, of course, to the people who read about it in a novel. Mr. MASEFIELD makes no bones about dispensing with the conventions of his craft, for his heroine dies quite early, and we never, in fact, meet her in flesh and blood. It is the influence of her memory, however, which causes Roger Naldrett to desert play-writing for science, and set out for East Africa with another altruistic entomologist in search of a cure for trypanosomiasis. The author is quite at home among jungles and swamps and winged horrors; he is, in fact, one of the most imaginative pen-explorers I have ever read; but I am not sure that his psychological analysis of germs and flies consoles me for the substitution of medicine for romance. Also he commits one or two mistakes on other matters, which make me a little distrustful of his accuracy as a leech. There is no such plant, I believe, as an "aspedesta;" and when I hear of golfers "loafing" round the links I should like to assure

Mr. MASEFIELD that the bite which produces the golf-fever is far more like that of the gad-fly than the tsetse.

I have this against Mr. C. F. KEARY, who has written *The Mount* (CONSTABLE), that after beginning his book as a placid if cynical study of provincial snobbism, with which I was beginning to be restfully interested, he without warning plunged it and me into lurid melodrama. Thus the story is really in two parts, of which the second is at once the more thrilling and the less convincing. The squalid, ugly life of a Staffordshire pottery town, and the social relations of its inhabitants with the richer manufacturers who dwell

in the decayed country that surrounds it, are told entertainingly enough. But when Wilfred Ingram invites Hector Robinson to an interview in his study at The Mount and incontinently shoots him dead, I was surprised and shocked. I join issue with the author over his contention that, given the help of an old servant (who seems to take things astoundingly for granted), it would be possible for the body to be removed and all evidence so destroyed that no suspicion would fall upon the murderer. Personally, I doubt it. But Mr. KEARY evidently knows Staffordshire better than I do, and if he thinks the local police incapable of discovering where Robertson went that evening, and who wrote the anonymous letter, I am bound to believe him. At all events he has written a book which is well worth reading.

From the rules of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds:—

"Subscribers . . . have the privilege of wearing the Hunt Button on hunting waistcoats or on scarlet evening coats with white facings. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to ladies."

"*Mutatis mutandis*" is a cowardly way out of it. Why not mention boldly the Hunt hook-and-eye on the evening frock?



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—IV.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, WHEN QUITE A BOY, CONSTRUCTS A HEN-HOUSE FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.